

POP!

contains no poetry!

#1

CULTURE! MUSIC! SEX! LIFE!

ELVIS IMPERSONATORS!

TATTOOS!

BURT REYNOLDS!

HEAVY METAL!



FREE TO A GOOD HOME

POP CULTURE!

POP MUSIC!

POP SEX!

POP LIFE!

POP!

CHEAP & HARD

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Hello, and welcome to this mag, my first ever! I'll be bringing you items of importance that I have found on my journey through a land of day time TV, cheap porno, second hand record shops and disco - teques.

Normally I express myself through visual art, (although I support myself with the same crap jobs and (cough) government fortnightly subsidies that you probably live on) but there are so many ideas that I have that can't really apply them selves to painting/ photography /whatever. This mag will let these ideas run free.

I send love and thanks to all those who loved, supported, aided and abetted me, but especially Charlotte and Simon/Mona, writers of respectively Kink and Girly magazines for your inspiring work. Everything I may do in the future will only ever be a pale imitation of your creative genius.

Thank you for being you.

JOE POP

EASY YOUNG MEAT

228 250

TO BE
DIFFERENT

GANG-BANG BOY



FREE MUSIC!

I would love to stick a tape of great music on to the front of this mag, like Vox or Select do...so instead this is what I would give you if I could! Soundtrack for summer! Lets Boogie!

Hole: Violet

Buffy Sainte Marie: Codeine

Katherine Battle : Porgi Amour
Marriage Of Figaro)

(From The

Bad Company: Shooting Star

AIR: Le Soliel est pres de moi

Laura Nyro: Wedding bell blues

Mott the Hoople: Roll away the stone

Johnny Mathis: First time ever I saw your face

Amanda Lear : Alphabet

Iggy Pop: Endless sea

Dana Gillespie : Weren't born a man

Diamanda Galas: Skotoseme

AS SAE to: POP! co / BCM 5524 London
WC1 3XX

OPERA QUEEN

Lately, a lot of "pop" or "rock" music isn't touching me very much any more. May be I'm just too old, ironic, post modern and jaded. So, I've been tipping my toe in the over perfumed bath that is opera. Its a cliché born in truth that gay men lurve opera, and collect expensive box sets, and argue the merits of diva A over diva B. But, I always quite liked the nice twiddly bits they use on pasta sauce adverts, so I thought I'd give it a go.

If you go to second hand record shops, in the classical section, they quite often have compilation CD's and tapes, the sort that opera mags have stuck to the front. These are spurned by the purists, so they are left to peasants like me to buy. I have yet to pay more than a pound for one.

Well, I don't know who any one is, or what the stories are, but sometimes its just the sound of a voice that reaches in and grabs you. In the same way I love Liz Fraser, Edith Piaf, Indian pop music, I just listen to the voice like it was an instrument. I have one CD, with an excerpt from (grabs CD to check), Der Rosenkavalier where these two women duet, and their voices go so high, that probably dogs will start barking, and its all so dramatic and fabulous, I could just DIE! For all I know, they are asking each other how many sugars in their tea do they want. Its just the sound of the voice.

I've also learnt the different kind of voices. Kiri Te Kanawa has a very pure voice, like a canary, but its all a bit white bread compared to Maria Callas, whose voice could s trip paint. I quite like Maria Callas. She was stropky and pushy and diva like. There's a great pic of her having a writ being served on her. She is so angry, her lips are halfway up her nose.

I also read this mad book on opera written by this mad queen : The Queens Throat: Opera, homosexuality and the mystery of desire, by Wayne Koestenbaum. It doesn't tell you much about opera, but a lot about the fans. I was thrilled to know that fans supported specific singers like football teams. Rival fans would go to concerts to heckle and fight each other. So, far from being a bloodless world, opera has had its passion and excitement. I am proud to come out as an opera fan.

Next issue I will try to re appropriate Babra Striesand for a post queer world.



2 Above: The picture that established the image of the figure. Maria appearing in the U.S. Marshall who had just served her with non-sensory at the Chicago Opera House, 1933

SOME STUFF YOU MAY LIKE.

Michael Atavar Website.

<http://www.atavar.com/atavar/>

Artist, writer and performer Atavar has made a beautiful site that is added to at the first of every month. To a net novice like me, it was a revelation to see such moving, funny, sad and poetic images and words. Computer boffins: investigate this!

Six Inch Killaz

Tuesday June 9 th. Club Kitten, HQ Club, Camden Lock, London N.W.1

The Killas are a self described Rock N Roll drag wall o noise, and even though I have yet to see them, having seen their pictures, these gals mean business. Apparently more like Sonic youth than the New York Dolls. See you in the mosh pit!

CROSS DRESS & CONFESS

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Raindrops on roses, whiskers on kittens.....Some happy memories of good times. What are yours?

Paleahora, a quiet, small village in Southern Crete. I'm sitting on the beach with my beloved, reading and very much enjoying the Cookie Mueller anthology. Suddenly two pelicans, yes, PELICANS, fly over the bay, like a pair of pterodactyls in 2,000,000 years BC, and land in the water with a great splash.

New York...I've just been out clubbing with my good friend Magda. We have been to Squeezebox, a sort of Duckiesque rock n roll gay club. I really enjoyed the heavy metal drag show by Tommy chiffon, and admired his shoulder to elbow Bette Midler tattoo. I then got very drunk, and thought of grabbing the mike, and telling the entire club that I was from England, and I was so happy to be there, and that I knew how to ROCK! Wisely, I did not do this, but I do regret not saying hello to Jayne county in the toilet que. I was too drunk to talk. Later, I sobered up, and Magda drove me around New York to see the sky line. The radio was playing something a bit like Kraftwerk, robotic and soothing. The New York night was a million stars on black velvet.

The Empire pub, Holborn, London New Years Eve.....It's the Bears and Chubbies Kilt and Body Harness party. I'm in a dark corner, my shirt is off, and two men, one on each nipple, are sucking the tits right off my chest. Later, Michael and I walk home, and leave drunken new year messages on American friends answer machines.

STEWED, SCREWED AND TATTOOED.

Being quite visibly tattooed and pierced, I quite often get stopped in the street by total strangers who want to talk to me. This can be quite fun! They either want to show me some piece of their own, or else spend lots of time explaining to me how they are planning a minuscule Snoopy and Woodstock on their ankle. I often get asked where to go, does it hurt, how much does it cost, etc., etc., so once and for all you bastards, here's my answer!

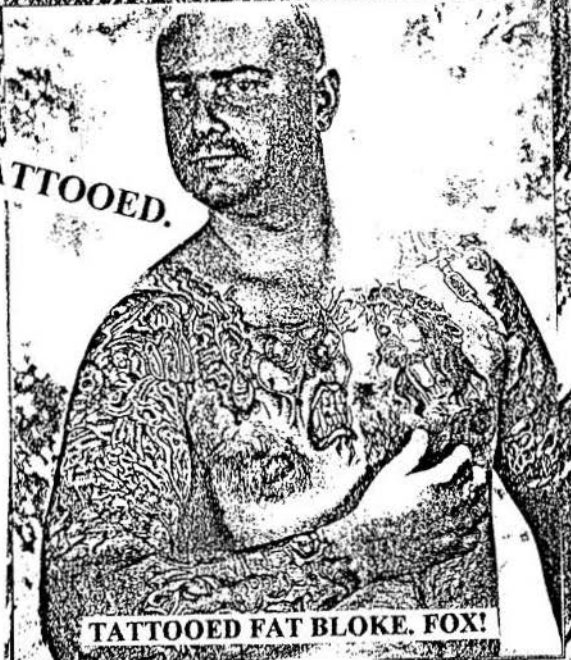
"What shall I have?" Well, I don't really think you can ask this of anyone else, especially not your tattooist. I have a look in the tattooist shop, they should have examples of their work in a folder or on the walls. There are some good magazines around, especially International tattoo Art which may show you things you hadn't considered. Also, Taschen books have published a great telephone book sized book, called 1000 Tattoos. It covers tattoos from all periods and cultures, and is a mine of information.

"Does it hurt?" It really depends on your pain threshold. One thing that most people think is that they will feel the needles "pricking" them. Basically, the needles go so fast, you don't feel individual pricks, more a mild burning sensation, as if you were writing on yourself hard with a biro. As you get a tattoo, the body quickly releases chemicals that also act as painkillers. Pain is also connected to where on your body you get tattooed. If its on something near a bone, such as a shoulder blade or ankle, it will hurt a bit more than on your, say, thigh or upper arm. Also, how beefy or skinny you are will affect how it will feel in general.

"How much will it cost?" How long is a piece of string?! Just remember, you pay for what you get, and it is for life, after all. Go to a tattooist, and ask for a quote. Alternatively, offer to barter sexual favors, drugs, etc.

"Why do you have it done?" Here are some of the reasons I give, some I feel stronger about than others. Because it looks cool, because its my autobiography on my skin, because it connects me to the primal Goddess within, because I feel beautifully, permanently dressed and jeweled, because I art is so important in my life I must have it near at all times, because it pulls the boys, because I love rock n roll, because I need to be a bad, bad boy sometimes, because it feels like dignity, because you can show off at parties, and because it just feels kinda right.

"Can you get them removed?" NO! Think before you ink! But you can always cover a tattoo you don't like with another, better one.



TATTOOED FAT BLOKE. FOX!

Some good places to check out :

In To You, 144 St. John St. London EC1

Tel 0171 253 5085.

In my opinion, the best in the country. The tattooists, Alex Binnie and Curly are very talented, with a strong and vibrant style. Visit to make an appointment, but except to wait for a while for one. Not cheap, but worth it. Also, a very nice woman called Cushla does expert piercing. The shop also sells a great range of body jewelry, books, tee shirts. Admire the large framed photo collage on the wall of the tattooed multi armed deity. I did it!

Evil From The Needle, Camden High Street, London. Sort of above Compendium books, and opposite the Zipper porn store.

Bugs the head tattooist is very skilled at intricate work, especially all that fiddly Celtic knot stuff. Also other tatoists, tee shirts, etc.

Cold Steel, Camden high street, a few doors along from Evil from the Needle.

Very professional and friendly body piercers, and suppliers of a variety of jewelry. You need to visit and put a deposit for a piercing appointment, but if its quiet they can pierce you there and then: Avoid going at the weekends, as its packed full of tourists.

Wildcat jewelry, 16 Preston St., Brighton, BN1 2HN
Tel 01273 323758

Mail order body jewelry that is loads cheaper than in most shops. Ring for their glossy catalogue.

BIG BUTCH & HAIRY

767 411

767 411

BURT REYNOLDS. FOX!

BUTCH REALNESS

I have lately been trying to see if there are any celebrities that I fancy, any I would mind getting down and dirty with, and frankly there 'aint been that many. I mean, which one of the cast of "Friends" could you bring your self to shag?! The current male sex idols presented to us are the like of Leonardo Dicaprio, and frankly he looks too much like Princess Diana to give me a stiffy. In a mostly ironic way, I have quite fancied ex Take That Robbie Williams, but only if I ignore his irritating perky manner. I think what I like about him is that combination of little boy face, with a more mature hairy body. I mean, you can almost imagine he has a cock, unlike all the other boy band members who I presume are like action man in the trouser department, all smooth and genderless.

In my Robbie fantasy, I get to three finger - fuck him, and when he cant take no more, he begs me to fuck him. "Please Big Daddy, fuck me till I bleed with that huge dick of yours!" (Its my fantasy, OK, I can imagine anything I want). So I fuck him with my engorged 10 inch dick, like the meat master that I am, and bring him to a screaming no - hands - on - dick prostate orgasm, as his tight little sphincter milks me to simultaneous explosive orgasm too! I then send him out to the all night garage for cigarettes and chocolate.

I recently found this picture of Burt Reynolds from "Deliverance", and it reminded me how much that film, seen sometime in my teens, has shaped my attraction to a certain kind of man sexually. I mean, I get turned on by all different sorts of blokes, but that kind of beefy, hairy Dad - esque kind of thing can really float my boat. Its the same thing that made me watch Tom Sellick in "Magnum", just to see if he took his shirt off. In fact, I've just remembered, Tom Sellick is the only member of the cast of "Friends" that I could shag).

This attraction and identification to very masculine men is quite a revelation to me, having come from a subculture (punk/post punk/whatever) that celebrated the androgynous in men. As it is now, here I am, after years of evolving and morphing, beefy, hairy, tattooed and goateed, and I have become that which I desired. But too me, this butchness is just a different sort of drag. In fact the sort of man that I resemble the most are female to male transsexual men, and I think these men really understand the "masquerade of masculinity!" probably more than most. I hope that all the leather queens, gay skins and other butch types see their image as the drag it is, and like I hope I do, have fun with it. Here's to a world full of florists in paratrooper drag! (Oh, sorry, the world is already full of florists in paratrooper drag.)

DAVID HARRISON, F2M USA, FOX!



PAUL!

ACE!

THINGY!

GENE!

KISS: KINGS OF KULTURE.

TONIGHT MATTHEW, I'M GOING TO BE.....

I was watching an episode of "Vannessa" the other day, purely in the name of cultural research, you understand. The topic was Elvis impersonators and their wives; "It's Elvis or me". One woman said to her husband, who was in full Las Vegas drag, "Why do you speak in that bloody stupid American accent? You are from Norwich!" Now, personally, having a relationship with an Elvis impersonator is not something I have yet experienced, but I couldn't help admire these guys with mirror shades and rhinestones for their commitment to a vision, and ultimately, an escape from the mundanity of every day life. For them, every day must be like being on Stars in their eyes!

It reminded me of when I spent most of the early 80's living as one of London's least convincing, but most dedicated male Siouxsie Sioux lookalikes. I was a mega fan of the black eyed ones suburban vampire drama drag, and using her example used it as an escape route out of an otherwise humdrum life. Everyone's teenage years are full of insecurities and self discovery, and I was also dealing with my sexual identity, so, to be able to submerge my self in an identity I created, albeit a version of someone else's was a sort of escape route. And all around me, I saw teen David Sylvian's, Pete Murphy's, Toyah's, Bowie's, Nick Cave's, Gary Numan's and Pete Burns's. Even though most of this generation have probably stopped doing this pop star emulation, like me, I hope we all remember these times fondly, and how it was a way to get to the people we are today. I still have a blunt Miss Selfridges eye pencil gathering fluff at the back of my bathroom cabinet.

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ME CIRCA 1980: CRIMPED AND PRIMPED.

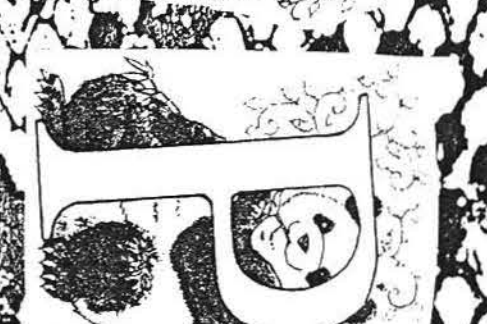
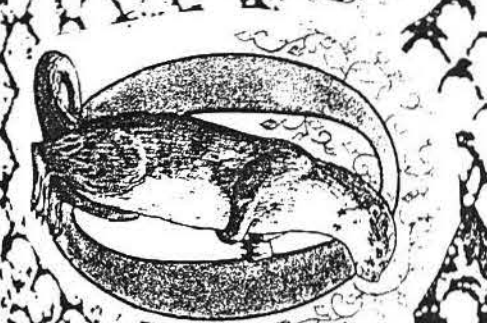
I recently read that this year is the 20 Th. anniversary of the release of Hong Kong Garden. Fuck! I remember waiting for my local record store to open up at 9 a.m. on the original day of release, I was so desperate for it. Apparently its going to be reissued with dance mixes. Maybe a whole new generation will be inspired to dye their hair black.

THERE'S A LADY WHO KNOWS...

And finally I bring you a closing story of an encounter with a heavy metal legend that you need to know. My mate Maria works as a waitress in a flashy cappuccino type cafe in Primrose Hill, while she waits to be discovered for the new P.J. Harvey that she is. The cafe is quite near Creation records office and a couple of recording studios, so she is forever spilling tea all over Oasis and the like. Then one day, in comes Robert Plant! Of Led Zeppelin! Maria served him. (Tuna salad focaccia and cappuccino, since you asked), and this is her impression: "He was wearing some blowy kind of cheese cloth smocky, well lets not mince words, blouse. And he was covered in a rattling jangling flapping load of Indian scarves and Mexican turquoise and silver bangles and rings and necklaces. He was in constant motion, as he rattled and flapped and flounced his hair. He looked like he was wrestling a Camden market ethnic jewelry stall. And he is definitely in touch with his inner woman. He just radiated Rock!"

Valhalla I'm a comin' indeed!

Thank you, Maria, for sharing your experiences with the group.



METAL MANIACS!

One genre of music that really interests me at the moment is heavy metal. Notice I said interests me, rather than like, as most of the music is usually a load of old tuneless bollocks with misogynistic lyrics, but its all the stuff around it that fascinates me. All that machismo, all that sub Satanism, all that leather! It sounds like a night at The Hoist! I'm interested in how it is that the kid that recently shot loads of his class mates in the school canteen, had listed his interests on his website as "making bombs and heavy metal music". How come these mid western teens will murder people because "Judas Priest told me to do it!" My current favorite alienated teen icon is Maralyn Manson, who to the uninitiated, is a sort of millennial Alice Cooper, specializing in outrage, alienated music and smeared make up. I like to picture teenagers all over the world listening to this music, and hating the world and their mum, because she told them to tidy up their bedroom and finish their geography home work.

I'm also quite fascinated by late eighties L.A. glam metal bands, the sort that wear loads of slap, BIG hair, spandex and chains. Its that weird mix of sexual deviant drag, combined with much macho crotch thrusting that I find so incongruous. I have even bought a couple of albums in Oxfam by the likes of Motley Crue, Poison and Wrathchild. As I said, the music is a load of squealing sub Sweet toss, but the sleeves make for fascinating reading. Tigertailz, from Cardiff no less, promise that their record contains "No synthesizers, hair extensions or plastic surgery." While Twisted Sister proclaim that they "Look like women, talk like men and play like mother fuckers!" Well, they may very well talk like men and play like mother fuckers, but looking at the band dressed as your dad in Halloween party drag, the claim about looking like women is stretching things a bit.

But my favorite heavy metal band at the moment is Kiss. I've never really heard their records, but they look hilarious/brilliant, in their mad make up, platforms and leather bat capes. I get the impression that their music is probably the least important bit about them. Their bombastic cartoony panto/ghost train metal has been regarded as proper "rock" music over here, but in the States, especially in the 70's, they used to appeal to every one, even little kids. Not unlike The Spice Girls now, they had amazing marketing and merchandising deals going on, and pre teens would be frantically buying lunch boxes, pencil cases and comic books with kiss logo's and pictures all over them. I'm sure if I'd been a teenager in the states, I would have been a rabid fan. One interesting thing I found out about Kiss was that their trade mark super hero black and white make up was developed to hide the fact that the band were all too Italian/Jewish/Ethnic looking. Thus disguised, they could be sold to Middle America.

I've read a few things about Kiss, and I was impressed as to how attuned to their place in popular culture they were. Says their demonic bass player and "God of Thunder, Gene Simmons, "Lets be honest, there's nothing that we do that's original. Its really devoid of content, but so are most of the things that I love. I went to see Independence day and I was so blown away by it I cant wait to see Batman and The Fifth Element. Like all things American, you cant wait to revel in the size of the thing. Kiss are the biggest band in the world and that means we are the best. Anyone who tells you they want to create something meaningful is lying, its just their reserved route to being big. Kiss realize that and just go for it. We invented the meaning of big American music, stadium rock, big stage show. Its what everyone wants. Things that mean something? I DON'T CARE! "Oh, but its about human nature." I DON'T CARE! I'm alive, I want to enjoy life, I want to be amazed, take me on a ride, take me to Disneyland, take me to Las Vegas, I want to live, turn me upside down." (Cheap Date magazine)

All this says more to me about America, popular art and consumerism than any analysis on Andy Warhol's soup cans. Kiss, this Laurie Anderson fan salutes you!

FACT! American fundamentalist Christians believe that KISS stands for Kids In Satan's Service. Rock N Fucking Roll!